

ANGORA CLUB TRIP TO SUGAR LOAF MT.,
March 28, 1926.

Sunday morning 6 A.M. found some of us starting from home thinking that we could catch up with Dan. Belchers truck walking. As we rounded the corner by Hildebrands store we were greeted by 3 or 4 other Angoras waiting--waiting for what? Apparently for some more goats to join the herd.

Here and now the girls decided to take a walk up street to view the Easter displays in the windows. About 3 blocks up the street we came to a window full of some cute fuzzy chickens. Here we stopped to look at the chickens and decided that we would arrange our ties, fix our caps, comb our hair, and put on our gloves. As we were doing so we heard a yelp the likes of which caused us all to run to the edge of the street to see what it was all about, and here it was "our gang" hooting, whistling and honking for us to come.

We got in the truck and were never so comfortably seated before, having the whole truck between 9 of us. Our comfort however diminished at various intervals as is explained in the following: at Union Town we took on Esther, Elna & Ingrid. As we rounded the point the wind felt colder, and crossing the bridge "Wow"--When we reached Miles Crossing the truck slowed up. Hello, what was this? Only two more ladies in trousers, who by their smiles signified their pleasure in joining us.

The sun was out bright, but cool, also the scotch broom was beginning to bud out bright. We saw several guinea hens and China pheasants along the banks and in the fields.

When we stopped at Seaside who was there but 4 of the restless dispositioned kind you will always find in a hiking organization, so restless that they could not wait for the season to open, but had to come to Seaside to let the jazz tickle their toes all night.

Then Mr. Mason with a car full of four fair young ladies, all of the same size, age, complexion and agreeable appearance.

How some of us did long to get out and rest our selves by pushing the truck along going down the highway. By the time we stopped our feet were all so squeezed up, cold, tired, and numb, that we could even politely excuse everyone for treading on them with hob nails.

We shouldered our packs, counted off 26 hikers, and started. We crossed the Necanicum over the pretty log bridge. The scenery is very pretty along the river, especially in this section where the trees skirt the edge of the water with moss growing down from the branches, and most of the creek bed is composed of solid rock.

We kept on hiking, and kept on hiking, it seemed that we would never stop for a rest. Finally we did. Esther looked rather dismal about something, I don't know what, but this is probabably what occasioned John Berry to ask if some of the girls were not lonesome for some Sweet Williams on the trip. This brought various answers, altho the most positive and direct answer coming from Esther.

Chas. Erickson was well laden with a goodly supply of canned soup, this made John feel rather sorry that he was not going along on the scouting trip.

Most of the trees growing along this trail are spruce, and you will find an occasionally immense cedar tree.

We plodded along the trail at quite a lively clip, until we came to an intermingled sunny and shady spot a ways above a spring. After we were comfortably seated and enjoying the sunshine the others the shade, half of us began to wonder, worry and think that we were thirsty for a quaff of Adams ale, while the other half of us argued and decided that we were either too tired or lazy to go 50 yards to get it. So we kept on hiking again.

Scattered clusters of Jonnie-Jump-Ups were growing here and there, and the trilliums growing for Easter greeted our unsuspecting gaze. We saw also some very pretty huckleberry bushes, thick with white blossoms.

Here Mr. Leighton found one large Elk antler.

Now what do you think of this? The next thing someone drew my attention to was Albert, carrying a basket for one of the new girls on the trip. Albert promptly said that he must pay respect to visiting hikers. Apparently he has brushed up on "picnic etiquette".

In between the many different subjects we were discussing and the abstruse thoughts these subjects cause for consideration-how often is ones profound reflective conscience disturbed by the age old phrase, when do we eat?

We kept along hiking until we reached the last spring before the top-and had our last chance to get a drink of cool mountain spring water, which most of us took the advantage of.

Just a little farther on and we reached the top, where the rangers cabin is located, where we had a very good view- the atmosphere being warm but not hazy. We could see Onion Peak about 3 or 4 miles away from us, and down the Tillamook coast; also the hills and chains of mountains in the distance, and Saddle Mt., Astoria, and Seaside. We also saw Mt. St. Helens.

Some one said "coffee is boiling". This sounded good to me, but soon I heard something that sounded still better and that was Mr. Williams telling someone his heart felt desire to go fishing--where, how, and for what on the top of Sugar Loaf Mt. I don't know.

We had dinner before scaling the top. For those who haven't been there I wish to say that the true top of Sugar Loaf is a huge mass of peculiar volcanic rock formation, rising as high as about 150 ft. above the ranger cabin. Narrow log ladders are built in between these rocks. We climbed, pushed and squeezed our way up, and with the aid of a strong rope anchored from on top, a ladder, a rope around our waist, John Berry and nerve, nearly all reached the top safely, the rest staying below.

From the top we had a better view, as below the rocks obstruct the view of the west and from the top we could see the ocean all the way from Astoria & Gearhart to Tillamook head and along Cannon Beach.

Here we posed for Arthur Rinells fast motion picture camera. Then Arthur, Axel and Harold went out on a few ledges of rock to snap the whole party. Here Axel's hat left him, but he calmly reached over the mountain side and retrieved it.

We did not stay here long as the crowd was larger than the rock and we hadn't enough room to be comfortable, so we all descended- after having our afternoon coffee and a few more pictures taken, we bid adieu to our chief and rear guides, who in the next 5 days risked their lives in the wilds for us.

Mr. Leighton guided us safely to the truck, and the musical comedy tour home was much enjoyed-as we missed nothing from Irving Berlin to Bach and Rachmanoff.

Frances Wedekind
Historian.